

Dear Paul,

3/12/85

Imagine my surprise! Here I was, a little before 7 this morning, taking my first rest during my daily morning therapy, I've skipped most of the front page of the Post, which was largely conjecture about alleged changes in Moscow, and I'm reading Mary McGrory's column and lo! there is an answer to something I've wondered about often lately, what had happened to an old college friend and apartment-sharer until I met him back in the 1930s. He is "Isadore Salkind, /retired professor of rehabilitation management at the University of                      of Berkeley, a San Francisco."

He and other retired California seniors have been to Nicaragua picking coffee, it seems.

Izzy was a very fine person as a young man. I presume this did not change, particularly not when in the small world he married a wonderful woman whozzzz was the widow of another friend who was killed in World War II.

Would you please phone him and tell him I'd like to hear from him, particularly with regard to a sort of stray-dog friend he dragged home and who stayed with us when Izzy and that guy were both taking their master's degrees at AU. His name is Eldon Billings, from Pasco, Washington, a real wit whose best joke was to refer to onions as "ingerns." Some years ago there was a news account of his having been a witness in some Congressional investigation or other proceeding in which he exposed alleged "reds" in Washington, the inference being to hold onto his own job, as I recall at the Library of Congress.

Here, too, there is a confidence. In the FBI records on me they have some vague references to what it styled the "Gregory" case, supposedly an espionage case, which I doubt very much. To Hoover and his FBI all new dealers were spies and reds. How I could have been connected to that I could only guess, through Izzy, who had great respect for a new deal economist named Gregory Silvermaster. I think that they worked together, but I'm not certain. The papers also ran red at that time about Silvermaster, based on leaks and official inuendos.

Izzy was lucky to get that fine woman to marry him, she was that exceptionally fine as a girl, which is when I knew her. Please give him my best wishes for both of them. I remember her first husband well, as well as some of our, let me be evasive and ambiguous, and refer to them as adventures when he was a legislative representative, for a maritime union. I do not mean this to run Izzy down, rather to emphasize the high opinion I had of her as a girl.

I enclose the column.

Thanks and best to you all,